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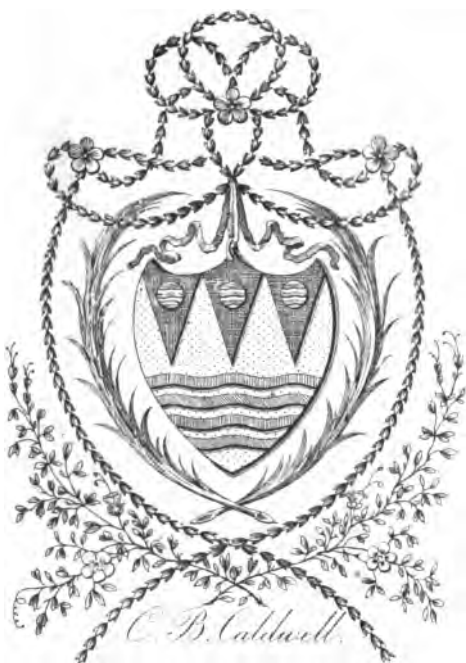
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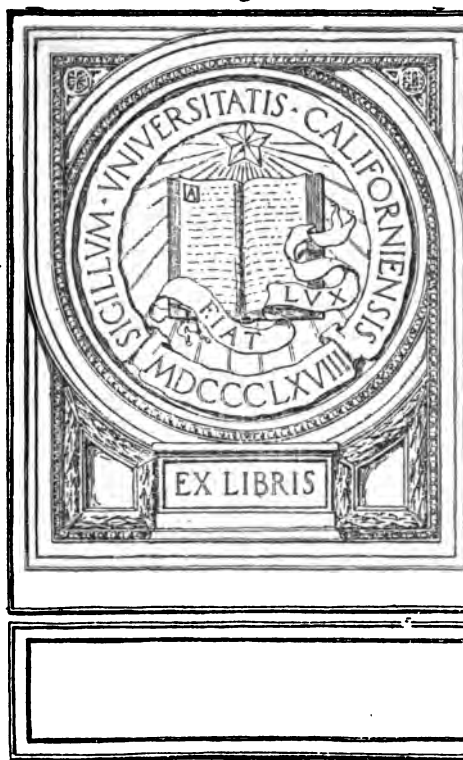
LATINE REDDITI

UC-NRLF



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352

**HYMNI USITATI
LATINE REDDITI**

Hymns

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

HYMNI USITATI

LATINE REDDITI

WITH OTHER VERSES

BY

JAMES ANTHONY LAWSON, LL.D.

TRIN. COLL. DUB.

*Tristatur aliquis vestrum ? oret.
Æquo animo est ? psallat.*

IAC. V. 13



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.

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TO VVVV
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In Memoriam

IOHANNIS GREHAM, LL.D.

PRAECEPTORIS CARI ET HONORATI,

QUO DUCE

PIERIOS PONTES ACCESSI,

HOS VERSICULOS,

OBLECTAMENTA SENECTUTIS,

DEDICO.

446v56

PREFACE.

THE early translations contained in this collection, from No. I. to XII., were written two years since, and printed in Dublin, for private circulation, by my young friend, Mr. Francis Ball.

Some of my friends were good enough to express their approval of them, as at least conveying the spirit and meaning of the originals ; and I have therefore been induced to publish them, with others which I have since written.

I have added some original verses, sacred and secular, some of which owe their existence to the leisure which I was permitted

to enjoy on the deck of a Mediterranean steamer, in the autumn of last year.

I must express my gratitude to my friend Mr. T. E. Page of Charterhouse (whose edition of the 'Odes' is prized by all lovers of Horace), for his great kindness in supervising these sheets as they passed through the press.

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LAUS SS. TRINITATIS.

LAUDA Patrem, fontem bonorum,
et Filium, vitae datorem,
et Spiritum, consolatorem,
laudate Tres in Uno.

*Archangeli vultus velantes,
et thronum Cherubim umbrantes,
et Seraphim concelebantes,
laudate Tres in Uno.*

*laudate chori Angelorum,
laudate agmina Sanctorum,
sublimi in sede beatorum
laudate Tres in Uno.*

*sic Unitas in Trinitate,
et Trinitas in Unitate,
velatae sancta maiestate,
laudentur Tres in Uno.*

A

UNIV. OF
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HYMNI USITATI

LATINE REDDITI.

UNIV. OF
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HYMNI USITATI

LATINE REDDITI.

HYMNI USITATI

I.

'They brought unto Him also infants.'

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thy brow,
And mark thee His alone ;

In token that thou shalt not blush .
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame ;

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by ;
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with Him on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His crown !

—*Alford.*

I.

'Afferebant autem ad Illum infantes.'

PARVULE, fronte tua tenera crucis accipe signum,
dum nascentem animam lymphæ sacrata lavat,
ne forte erubeas Crucifixi agnoscere nomen,
hoc signum decoris dedecorisque feres ;

divini indiciiis te nunc signamus amoris,
ut maneant tabulis cordis inusta tui,
fidus et ad vitæ metam, tu, miles Iesu,
hostibus obluctans undique, bella geras,

constantique animo Christi vexilla virili
attollas dextra, sustineasque crucem,
neve viam angustam metuas, spinasve rigentes,
quas pedibus pressit Filius ipse Dei ;

O Iesu, teneros blanda qui voce vocasti
ad gremium infantes, accipe vota, precor ;
frons impressa crucis signo signetur honore,
et caput indignum digna corona tegat.

II.

*'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt
know hereafter.'*

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

II.

*‘ Quod ego facio, tu nescis modo; scies autem
postea.’*

INCEDIT altas per tenebras Deus,
consulta miris efficiens modis,
vector refrenat vim procellae,
et gradiens dominatur undis;

depromit Ille ex fontibus abditis
decreta, mentis clausa recessibus
caelestis, et prudens futura
dirigit imperio potenti.

durate, Sancti, nec pavidi minas
horrete caeli et lurida nubila,
haec, feta donis, mox profundent
e gremio pluviam benignam.

ne sensus aeger iudicet Arbitrum
summum, sed Eius fidite gratiae,
qui, nube dum velat minanti
consilia, ore favet sereno.

ut arbor aevo, propositum Dei
patebit, et si fors aliquid novis
gemmis amari insit saporis,
flos redolebit odore suavi;

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.
—*Cowper.*

ast infideles mentibus insciis
frustra Supremi conspiciunt opus ;
Ipse Auctor Interpresque nobis
cuncta Deus manifesta reddet.

III.

*'By whom the world is crucified unto me,
and I unto the world.'*

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

—Watts.

III.

*‘ Per quem mihi mundus crucifixus est,
et ego mundo.’*

VOS vana mundi gaudia cedite,
absisque inanis mente superbia,
dum mira Cruz, de qua pendit
emoriens Dominus, videtur.

nil gloriari fas, nisi sanguine
Christi profuso sacrifera Cruce ;
quaecunque vana olim iuvabant
sanguineas pereant ad aras.

de fronte, palmisque, et pedibus, viden ?
amor dolorque ut largiter effluunt,
sic nupta amoris mors videtur,
spinaque sic diadema textit.

si regna mundi deveniant mihi,
puderet aris ista reponere ;
Tu, munus impar, cor refractum
accipias, animamque votam.

IV.

*'A Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind,
and a covert from the tempest.'*

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;

IV.

*‘ Et erit Vir sicut, qui absconditur a vento,
et celat a tempestate.’*

O MEAE, Iesus, animae Redemptor,
in Tuum salvus gremium recondar,
dum furunt aestus, trucidis et procellae
ingruit horror.

abde me vitae medio in tumultu,
abde per mundi pavidi ruinam,
defer in portus, animamque tandem
accipe caelo.

spes enim restat mihi iam salutis
unica in dono Crucis efficaci,
sustine vires animae labantis
pondere culpae.

cuncta committo Tibi, Rector orbis,
supplicem clemens ope me levasti,
sub Tuis alis caput hoc inerme
protege Iesu.

auctor, O Christe, et dator es bonorum,
debiles firma, releva caducos,
lenis aegrotos medicare, dux sis
lumine cassis.

Just and Holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

—C. Wesley.

sanctus et iustus, Deus, invocaris
rite, sed culpis oneror nefandis,
en ! reus sisto, Tua sed redundat
 gratia plena.

libere fontes aperis salutis,
insitum cordi scelus eluentes,
redde me purum, latice et sacrato
 crimina purga.

Ipsa fons vitae, Deus, es perennis,
hauriam lymphas sitiens medentes,
fons per aeternos oriaris annos
 corde renascens.

V.

*'Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and
uphold me with Thy free Spirit.'*

OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word ?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

V.

*‘Redde mihi laetitiam salutaris Tuae et Spiritu
principali confirma me.’*

O QUAM beatus I si, propior Deo,
consorte vita perfruar intime,
viamque ad Agnum me ferentem
lumine conspiciam sereno.

heu ! quo recedunt gaudia pristina,
dulcesque amoris primitiae Tui,
quo verba Iesu, quae valebant
hanc animam recreare fessam ?

olim licebat degere tempora
vitae beatae, nunc viduum Tui
cor languet, et mundi caduca
gaudia me nequeunt replere :

veni, Creator Spiritus, incola
optate, pacis nuntius huc redi,
peccata ploro, quae nocenti
pectore Te pepulere maestum.

Tu vota in imo corde latentia,
dilecta quamvis, eicias, precor,
et pectus expurges, ut Unum
Te Dominum accipiens adorem.

B

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

—*Cowper.*

Dei propinquo numine sic fruar,
vitae serenae pax aderit mihi,
viamque ad Agnum me ferentem
lumine candidiore cernam.

VI.

'Is not this the Son of Mary?'

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls,
For our own departing souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

VI.

‘ Nonne hic est filius Mariae ? ’

CUM caput languet, lacrimisque caros
plangimus leto comites ademptos,
audias nostros gemitus, Iesu,
Virgine nate.

carne vestitus, mala pertulisti
gentis humanae, patiens doloris,
Ipse nobiscum lacrimare doctus,
Virgine nate.

funebri quando resonare cantus
incipit, plangens animas solutas,
audias, hora properante dira,
Virgine nate.

Ipse demittens caput oppetisti,
sanguinis rivum gremio profundens,
Mors et humano tenuit feretro
Virgine natum.

triste cor quando dolet, et latentis
conscius culpae veterisque labis,
spiritus languet, miserere nostri
Virgine nate.

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

—*Milman.*

non Tua culpa meritis, sed ultro,
dedecus nostrum grave sustulisti, et
pondus immensum sceleris subisti
Virgine nate.

VII.

'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.'

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven, and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me 'Come.'

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day,
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

VII.

‘ Confide fili, remittuntur tibi peccata tua.’

DEFESSUS strepitu mundi, culpisque gravatus,
caelum suspiciens, aveo penetralia inire,
sed nulli impuro fas est insistere limen,
et tamen adfertur mihi vox hortantis adire.

an mihi tam vili dabitur spectare beatas
Sanctorum sedes, caelesti lumine claras,
aut iuxta solium candens astare licebit?
et tamen, en! porrecta manus me adducere gestit.

dum Tua sectari longe vestigia tento,
degravor immenso culparum pondere pressus,
verba sed attentas mihi grata feruntur ad aures,
‘ maerentum, culpasque fatentum, crimina solvo.’

vox ea, vox Iesu vera est, quae fertur ad aures,
porrigit Ille manum, propius me ducere tentans,
sanguis et Insonantis perfecta piacula solvet,
et labe exemptum me coram Iudice sistet.

Ille etiam petiit me per deserta vagantem,
haeredem fecit caeli, et Genitoris alumnum,
inque dies animae vitam viresque ministrans,
dat veniam, et donum veniae dabit usque libenter.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord :
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward ;
Thine the sharp thorn, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

—Stone.

O Deus absolvens, animae, precor, indue cultum
aptum supplicibus, culpasque dolentibus aegre,
aedibus in Patriis ut puro lumine cingar,
iustitiaeque Tuae velatus veste resurgam.

pro me suscipies onus, O iustissime Iesu,
omne Tibi est meritum, mihi praemia magna dedisti,
horret spina Tibi, restat mihi pura corona,
vita parata mihi est, Tua vita relicta libenter.

non opis est nostrae, Tibi debita reddere digna,
cordis abundantis donum, precor, accipe, Iesu,
ut Magdalenae, mihi des, ut gratia facta
nequitiae magnae, magno me accendat amore.

VIII.

*'The Lord, thy God, bringeth thee into
a good land.'*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain ;

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes !

VIII.

*‘ Dominus anim Deus tuus introducet te
in terram bonam.’*

STAT terra felix, laetitiae domus,
regnantque Sancti semper in atriis,
aeterna lux noctem repellit,
gaudia et alma fugant dolores.

hic ver per annos adsidium viret,
campique rident floribus, at freto
Mors parvulo fines coercens
dividit ab regione caeli.

campi virescunt lumine vividi
ultra tumentis fluminis alveum,
sic terra trans Iordanis undas
Iudaico populo patebat.

citra trementes ast homines metu
transire nolunt invia per vada,
ripaeque adhaerent, et rigentes
mergere se metuunt in undas.

O si liceret pellere nubila
obducta crebro mentibus anxiiis,
et regna Canaan tueri
lumine iam manifesta puro,

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

—*Watts.*

si detur illos scandere vertices
queis ipse Moses prospiciens stetit,
non unda Iordanis, nec ipsa
litore Mors prohibere posset.

IX.

'The world passeth away, and the lust thereof.'

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not—
A far serener clime ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

IX.

‘ Et mundus transit, et concupiscentia eius.’

IAM pauca cursu tempora praepete
labentur, annis praetereuntibus,
et nos iacentes cum sepultis
terra teget tumulo silenti.

Iesu ! paratam des animam, precor,
cum summa saeculi magna aderit dies,
O fonte merses me sacрати
Sanguinis, et maculas repurga.

paucum dierum post spatium breve,
clausus tenebris sol caput occulet,
sed, luce solis non egentes,
nos regio excipiet serena.

Iesu ! paratam des animam, precor,
cum summa saeculi laeta aderit dies,
O fonte merses me sacрати
Sanguinis, et maculas repurga.

paucæ procellae haec litora inhospita
saxosa tudent, sed loca nos manent
quieta, quae nec vis procellae,
nec maris exagitat tumultus.

Iesu ! paratam des animam, precor,
cum summa saeculi pura aderit dies,
O fonte merses me sacрати
Sanguinis, et maculas repurga.

C

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,
And He will come again
Who died that we might live ; Who lives
That we with Him may reign ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

—*Bonar.*

iam pauca restant praelia, iam breves
vitae labores, maestaque funera, et
 posthac nec aegri nos dolores
 nec lacrimae ulterius lacessent.

Iesu ! paratam des animam, precor,
cum summa saeculi clara aderit dies,
 O fonte merses me sacrati
 Sanguinis, et maculas repurga.

iam, iam redibit, qui, patiens crucis,
vitam profudit, ne moriamur, et
 nunc vivit, ut regnemus una
 participes sine fine vitae.

Iesu ! paratam des animam, precor,
cum summa saeculi fausta aderit dies,
 O fonte merses me sacrati
 Sanguinis, et maculas repurga.

X.

'That Rock was Christ.'

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

—Toplady.

X.

'Petra autem est Christus.'

O, PETRA pro me fissa, recessibus
Tuis recondar, lymphaque sanguine
commixta sordes mi nocentes
eluat, imperiumque frangat
noxae malignum : vae ! nequeo Tua
labore summo iussa capessere,
nec fervor indefessus usque,
nec lacrimae valeant piare
delicta : pronus nil manibus fero,
complector unam sacriferam crucem,
da pura vestimenta nudo,
meque opibus miserum levato.
sordens sub undis perfugium peto,
me fonte rubro, ne moriar, lavas,
et iudicis vultum suppremi
sustineas animam paventem.
dum morte clausos nox oculos premit,
novique mundi gloria panditur,
O, Petra pro me fissa, in imis
Christe, Tui lateris, recondar.

XI.

'He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.'

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on ;
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—J. H. Newman.

XI.

‘ Qui sequitur Me, non ambulat in tenebris.’

DIRIGE me medias inter, Lux Alma, tenebras,
dirige : nox est atra, domoque mea procul erro,
dirige : custodi gressus : ventura videndi
nullus amor restat : passus mihi sufficit unus.

non ego talis eram semper, nec vota ferebam
ut me dirigeres ; spectare futura volebam :
at nunc dirige me : laetabar lumine pleno
solis, dum mentem metus atque superbia mixta
torquebant : veteris, precor, obliviscere culpae.

iam Lux Alma, Tuum Numen, labentibus annis
me servavit, idem per densas diriget umbras,
per vada, per scopulos, per flumina turbida, donec
nox abit, et mane angelicae facies mihi rident,
quas, dudum venerans, amisi per breve tempus.

—C. E. M^cKay.

XII.

*'Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud
with great power and glory.'*

LO! He comes! with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air,
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own,
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

—C. Wesley.

XII.

*‘ Et tunc videbunt Filium Hominis venientem in nube
cum potestate magna et maiestate.’*

EN ! Ipse vectus nubibus advenit,
occisus olim, nobilis hostia,
pro stirpe Adami : nunc redempti
millibus innumeris triumphum

augent sequentes ; regna labantia
mundi recedunt, Ipse regit Deus,
diraque maiestate cinctus
ante oculos manifestus ardet :

Christum probrosae qui dederant neci,
ausi sacratam illudere victimam,
isti gementes, nunc eundem
conspiciunt solio sedentem.

sperata dudum nunc oritur dies,
superne tandem deveniens, suos
ad caerula arreptos per auram
excipiet Dominus Redemptor.

en ! Alleluia, laeta dies adest,
Amen ! per orbem laudibus efferant
gentes, sedentem sempiterno
in solio, Dominum per aevum.

Salvator, assume imperium Tuum,
regniue habenas iam Tibi debitas ;
optate tantum, ne moreris,
O Deus, O Domine, advenito.

XIII.

The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God.'

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before !
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding !
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing !
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing !
The day of grace is passed and gone !
Trembling they stand before the throne
All unprepared to meet Him.

XIII.

*Ipse Dominus in iussu, et in voce Archangeli,
et in tuba Dei, descendet de caelo.'*

QUAE mira cerno, quae, Deus, audio?
rebus creatis finis adest cito,
apparet en ! Iudex tremendus,
nubibus egrediturque fultus ;
terrae dehiscunt, et sonitu tubae
accita surgunt corpora : nitere,
ut labis expers, et parata,
sis, anima, adveniente Iesu ;
primi resurgunt, cum tuba consonat,
Christi fideles discipuli ; leves
rapti per auras, en ! frequentes
laetitia Dominum salutant ;
hos non tenebroso exagitant metus,
praesens perenni luce animas Deus
fovet paratas, indiesque
pervigiles, veniente Iesu.
ast improborum turba miserrima,
pavens resurget, nec scelerum nefas
piare, singultus nocentum,
nec lacrimae poterunt inanes ;
heu ! gratiae iam praeteriit dies,
nec supplicanti porta recluditur,
sontes tremiscunt, imparati
Iudicium Domini subire.

Great God, what do I see and hear ?
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.
—Ringwaldt.

quae mira cerno, quae, Deus, audio ?
rebus creatis finis adest cito,

apparet, en ! Iudex tremendus,

nubibus egrediturque fultus.

Christi procumbo debilis ad crucem,

orbis ruinas impavidus tuens,

dono Redemptoris paratus

Iudicium Domini subire.

XIV.

*'There shall be a fountain opened for sin
and for uncleanness.'*

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

XIV.

*' Erit fons patens in ablutionem
peccatoris.'*

EN ! fons redundans sanguine panditur,
venisque apertis emicat hostiae
caelestis, hic mersi nocentes
eveniunt sine sorde puri.

hoc fonte latro, iam moriens cruce,
hausit salutem, sic licuit mihi
hic insitam expurgare labem,
et scelus haud levius lavare.

ex quo fluentem vulneribus Tuis
rivum dabatur cernere sanguinis,
laudes Redemptoris profari,
dum moriar, iuvat usque cantu.

tum dulciori carmine laetior
divina amoris munera concinam,
cum lingua mox balbutientis,
muta iacens tumulo, silebit.

Tu nam parasti, credo equidem, Deus !
emptum profuso sanguine praemium,
meque aurea donabis Ipse
immeritum cithara libenter,

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

—*Cowper.*

quae personabit cantibus aethera,
accensa sancto Numine, in auribus
Dei Parentis sempiterni,
Teque, Tuumque iterare nomen.

D

XV.

'The Lord God is a sun and a shield.'

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live !
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die !

If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

XV.

‘ Dominus enim Deus est sol et clypeus. ’

SALVATOR unus, sol animae mihi,
Tu noctis umbras adproperans fugas,
curae inquietae ne resurgant
terrigenae, Dominum tegentes.
cum fessa languent lumina, fas mihi,
serpente somno, in pectore volvere,
quam dulce sit tandem potiri
in gremio Domini quietē;
adsis ab ortu solis ad Hesperum,
absente Te nam vivere nescio,
per noctis horas ne recedas
nam sine Te nequeo moriri.
Tu lucis Auctor, Tu tenebras regens,
navem per aequor dirige sospitem;
portu, per adversam procellam,
Te moderante ratem, subimus.
O, filiis si quilibet ex Tuis
aures paternis vocibus obserit,
hac nocte Tu gratum laborem
ingredere, et revoca vagantem.
aegros levato, munere pauperes
dita benigno, daque dolentibus,
infantiae ut dulci sopore
compositi, placide quiescant.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

—*Keble.*

cum mane somnis excutimur, vigil
passus vagantes ancipiti via
tuere, donec nos amoris
mergimur oceano profundo.

XVI.

'There is none other Name whereby we must be saved.'

WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a pierced Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief ;
His Heart is touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide ;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

—*Frances Cecil Alexander.*

XVI.

‘Nec enim aliud nomen est in quo oporteat nos salvos fieri.’

CUM languent animae vires, et sanguine fuso
plurima transfixi vulnera cordis hiant,
una manus sonti, manus et sua vulnera gestans,
subvenit, et plagas sola levare potest.

cum gravibus quatitur pectus singultibus aegrum,
et lacrimae pleno fonte doloris eunt,
cordi uni, cordi contrito ob crimina mundi,
maiores sontum participare datur.

cum facinus foedum fletu ploramus inani,
et sprevisse dolet iussa benigna Dei,
unicus en rivus, rivus qui corpore fisso
emicat, immundos fonte lavare valet.

crimina nostra sacro lustrantur sanguine Christi,
Ille manu nobis sospite praebet opem,
gaudia nostra Tuum pertentant pectus, Iesu,
et nostro miserans, Ipse dolore doles.

Christe, Tuas palmas nobis praetende cruentas,
lympaque de venis, sanguine mixta, cadat ;
confosso in gremio Domini servamur in aevum,
hic restat nobis sola latebra Deus.

XVII.

*'Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day
is far spent.'*

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ! Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

—~~With~~.

Lyte.

XVII.

*‘Mane nobiscum quoniam advesperascit et inclinata
est iam dies.’*

MORARE mecum, vesper adest cito,
ne me relinquas, iam tenebrae ruunt,
fallunt amici, et spes recedunt,
Tu, miserans inopes, maneto
mecum per aevum : vita recedit, et
transit fugacis gloria saeculi,
Tu nesciens mutare mentem,
caetera dum pereunt, maneto :
hostis repellens insidias vafri,
praesensque in horas auxilians mihi,
tumultuosas per procellas,
perque serena, Deus, maneto :
non terret hostis, dum, propior Tibi,
sospes, sub alis protegor undique,
nec vexor immenso dolorum
pondere, nec lacrimae quietem
turbare possunt : mortis aculeus
quo iam recessit ? quove superbia
victrix sepulchri ? me triumpho
gloria, si maneat, coronat.
Tu, paene clausis luminibus, mihi
praetende formam sacriferae crucis,
caliginem dispelle densam, et
atria caelicolum reclude.
optata caeli ianua panditur,
umbraeque mundi diffugiunt retro,
in nisibus vitae severis,
mortis et articulo, maneto.

XVIII.

' There were shepherds abiding in the field.'

IT came upon the midnight clear—
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
' Peace on the earth, goodwill to men
' From heaven's all-gracious King !'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The words of peace they bring :—
Oh ! listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

XVIII.

‘ Pastores erant in regione eadem vigilantes.’

ANGELI mundum propiore penna
desuper clara ab regione caeli
nocte viserunt, citharis sonantes
nobile carmen.

‘ laus Deo in summis, homini voluntas
‘ sit bona, et pax nunc dominetur orbi ! ’
tale tranquillus resonare carmen
audiit aether.

quin adhuc pennis placidis aperto
angeli caelo tenebras revisunt,
callidi mundum recreare tristem
carmine laeto.

et super terras levibus iacentes
devolant alis, fremitumque raucum, et
dissonos sacro sonitu tumultus
pellere gaudent.

at diu gentes gemuere magno
pondere oppressae sceleris, nec usquam
prava divina cithara angelorum
corda moventur.

fratribus fratres male praeliantes
obsequi divis monitis recusant ;
milites duri ! lyra dulcis acres
mulceat iras.

O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
This weary world below ;
Thou seest how men climb the way
With painful steps and slow.
Oh ! still the jarring sounds of earth
That round the pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
To hear the angels sing !

—Sears.

pacis O Princeps ! bene Tu doloris
semitam nosti, relevasque fessos,
Tu vides ut vix homines ad astra
scandere possint.

pelle clamores, strepitumque mundi,
et laborantes requie levato, ut
lene paulisper melos angelorum
audiat orbis.

Bethlehem.

XIX.

*'Until that day when I drink it new with you in my
Father's kingdom.'*

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen ;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load ;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood :
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here
Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.

XIX.

*‘ Usque in diem illum cum illud bibam vobiscum novum
in regno Patris mei.’*

HIC praesens Dominum praesentem cernere possum,
fas invisa etiam tangere sacra manu;
hic liceatque crucem dextra prensare tenaci,
fessaque caelestj ponere membra toro.

hic nutrire animam detur mihi pane sacrato,
et tecum ad mensam regia vina bibam;
hic grave mentis onus tandem deponere vellem,
ut recubem veniae conscius usque novae.

Tu mihi solus opem praebes, nec brachia quaero
quae me sustineant, sufficis Ipse, Deus!
incertosque gradus divino robore firmans,
dona mihi cumulas uberiora, Deus.

culpa mihi restat, sed Tu iustissime, regnas,
sanguine detergens quod mihi crimen inest,
pax mea, velamen candens, spes sola salutis,
morte Tua manant, sacriferaque cruce;

symbola vanescunt, mensamque relinquimus aegre,
praetereunt epulae, spirat amoris odor,
iam cibus et vinum cedunt, Tu, Christe, moraris,
Tu, propius comitans, sol, clypeusque, mihi;

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above ;
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal-feast of bliss and love.

—*Bonar.*

sic epulis epulae succedunt ordine longo,
caelestesque epulas significare valent,
hic praelibantes Agni connubia festa
caenam supremam concelebrare iuvat.

Jerusalem.

XX.

'They brought unto Him all that were diseased.'

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave ;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of Light ;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath ;

XX.

'Afferebant ad Eum omnes male habentes.'

OLIM efficaci Tu poteris manu
arcere morbos, imperio et mala
humana divino fugare,
mortis et exsuperare regnum.

caeci, silentes, et tremulo pede
claudi, trahebant corpora inertia,
En ! febre qui torquentur artus,
aeграque membra lepris, potenti

tactu levantur : vox Tua cognita
inferna iussis eicit agmina ;
verbo fugantur, sic iuventas
enitetur, et rabies recedit.

accede, Iesu, nunc iterum, precor,
et supplicantes Omnipotens iuva,
Genneserae ut quondam per oras
pauperibus miserisque plenam

dabas salutem : per strepitum viae,
turbam et frequentem, vox penetret Tua,
tori inquieti sis levamen,
membraque sustineas caduca.

To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

—*Plumptre.*

praesens, ut olim, praesidium, Deus,
morbo gravatos auxilio leva,

Tu, mortis et vitae supremus
Arbiter, ah ! miserere nostri.

manus laborans, atque oculus vigil,
e fonte divino sapientiam

ducant, ut aegri cum reffectis
laude Deum celebrent perenni.

Mar. Med.

XXI.

'It is I, be not afraid.'

WHY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on ;
Led by that, we brave the ocean ;
Led by that, the storm defy ;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh :
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.
Rendered safe by His protection,
We shall pass the watery waste ;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last !
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

XXI.

'Ego sum, nolite timere.'

CUR vos inanes exagitant metus?
en ! Ipse Iesus sospite dirigit
cursu gubernaculum per undas,
et ratis invigilat salutis ;

iam vela ventis pandite prosperis,
cursu et secundo litora quaerite,
qua luctuosi absunt dolores,
nec lacrimis oculi madescunt.

ignota quid si tendimus ad loca,
famaque tantum cognita ? sed, fide
freti, lubenter Te Magistrum
per medium comitamur aequor.

hac spe refecti, spernimus impetum
ventorum, et ipsas oceani minas,
incedere iratas per undas
impavidi, vigilante Iesu.

tutos sub ipso praesidio Dei
transire nos fas vasta per aequora,
portumque tandem dum subimus,
haec meminisse iuvabit ipsa.

O ! what pleasures there await us,
There the tempests cease to roar :
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more :
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore !
—*Kelly.*

O ! quae voluptas, quantaque gaudia
salvos ab atro turbine nos manent,
aeterna regnat pax in illa,
unde abiit dolor omnis, ora.

Mari Cantabrico,
Sept. 1881.

XXII.

'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
 'Thy will be done !'

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 'Thy will be done !'

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh ?
Submissive still would I reply,
 'Thy will be done !'

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine :
I only yield Thee what is Thine :
 'Thy will be done !'

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
 'Thy will be done !'

XXII.

'Non mea voluntas, sed Tua fiat.'

DOMO relictâ, dum vagor aspera
per vasta terrarum, O Pater, O Deus,
des, corde vox imo resurgat,
fiat voluntas Tua.

adversa si sors hanc tenebris viam
claudat, quietam des animam mihi,
ut verba submissus profundam,
fiat voluntas Tua.

si solus acri tristitia premar,
plorans amicos exanimes meos,
orare detur de profundis,
fiat voluntas Tua.

et si reposcas quae dederas mihi,
mutus resigno dona libens Tua,
Tu, iusta dans, iuste resumis,
fiat voluntas Tua.

dum, dulcis hospes, Spiritus occupet
maerore languentem hanc animam meam,
en, caeteris contentus, oro,
fiat voluntas Tua.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
‘Thy will be done!’

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I’ll sing upon a happier shore,
‘Thy will be done!’

—C. Elliott.

detur voluntas O utinam mihi,
concorde motu consimilis Tuae,
ut sponte sic possim precari,
fiat voluntas Tua.

hic cum silebit vox mea debilis,
nec audientur cum lacrimis preces,
illic resurget vox beata,
fiat voluntas Tua.

XXIII.

' They overcame by the blood of the Lamb.'

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar ;
Who follows in His train ?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears His Cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame ;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

XXIII.

‘ Vicerunt propter sanguinem Agni.’

DEUS-HOMO, bellum gessurus,
egreditur triumphaturus,
coronam regiam sumpturus :
 praecedit Illum
 rubrum vexillum,
 quis comitatur Dominum ?
qui plenum poculum maeroris
exhausit, patiens doloris,
et crucem sustinet, amoris
 divini signum,
 salutis lignum :
 is comitatur Dominum.

martyr, qui acie aquilina
trans mundum penetrans divina,
a dextris Te stantem spectavit,
et in auxilium vocavit ;
preces profundit, verba amoris,
e cruciatibus doloris,
 Saule, vexator !
 pro te precatur ;
 quis imitatur Stephanum ?

Apostoli, quos cooptasti,
et sancto Spiritu besti,

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed ;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

— *Heber.*

sublati spe, contemnunt crucem
et flammās, nec formidant trucem
tyranni gladium minantis,
leonis nec iubam comantis,
 demissi nutant,
 mortem salutant :
 quis Duodenos sequitur ?

En ! Agmen' virum et puerorum,
matronae, virgines, sanctorum
coetus innumeri gaudentes,
stant puris vestibus nitentes :
arces attigerunt caelorum
per luctum, curas et laborem :
 Iesu ! precamur
 hos ut sequamur,
 et comitemur comites.

XXIV.

'In Me is thine help.'

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fulness dwells in Him ;
He heals all my diseases ;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my grief on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces ;
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

XXIV.

' In Me stat tuum auxilium.'

IN Iesum, Agnum Dei carum,
impono cumulum culparum,
Insons pro me sumit reatum,
avertens paenam mi paratam.
ad Iesum, culpis inquinatus,
accedo, petens cruentatas
lymphas, quae valeant lustrare
et sordes animae purgare.

ad Iesum expono vota mentis,
Iesum, solamen indigentis;
me lassum morbis sublevavit,
et vitam denuo integravit.
in Iesum aerumnas et maerores
impono, curas et dolores;
me tristi onere levabit,
aut mecum curas sociabit.

haec languens anima revirescit,
in sinu Iesu dum quiescit;
amplexu fovet me divino,
sospes in gremio reclino.
O nomen dulce ! Iesu, amaris,
Christus, Emmanuel seu vocaris,
haec nomina spirant amorem,
ut flores ventis dant odorem.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's Holy Child.
I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing, with saints, His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

—*Bonar.*

Te, Iesu, Te volo sectari,
purus et humilis probari,
sanctus, dilectus, Patre natus,
exortus Deo, Deo datus ;
O utinam Te comitarer,
et libro vitae memorarer,
adscitus agmini sanctorum,
et carmen discens angelorum.

XXV.

*' There wrestled a man with him until the breaking
of the day.'*

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee !
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell !
To know it now, resolved I am ;

XXV.

‘ Vir luctabatur cum eo usque ad mane. ’

AGE, incognite Viator,
quem preno, at cuius os celatur,
præivit meus comitatus,
hic solus Tecum sum moratus,
immotus Tecum pernoctabor,
et usque ad mane obluctabor.

non opus est me nuntiare,
aut culpas miseri nudare ;
Tu nomen meum edidisti,
et palmis Tuis insculpsisti !
quis sis ? et unde ? dic, imploro,
effare Tuum nomen, oro.

Te frustra tentas liberare,
nunquam desistam Te prensare ;
an Tua pro me vita datur ?
cur tantus amor occultatur ?
nodos luctantis non laxabis
naturam et nomen ni monstrabis.

arcana nonne reserabis,
et novum nomen revelabis ?
dignare nescium erudire !
stat fixum animo Te scire,

Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

'Tis all in vain to hold Thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh ;
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms Thou shalt not fly !
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain ;
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

My strength is gone ! my nature dies !
I sink beneath Thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to rise ;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand !
I stand, and will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
Yet confident in self-despair !
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name is love ?

nexus luctantis non solventur,
natura et nomen ni pandentur.

necquiquam mutus hic restabis,
aut femur meum enervabis,
dum nervi corporis marcescent,
haec brachia Tibi adhaerescant,
luctans refreno Te mansurum,
dum sciam nomen et naturam.

hoc fessum corpus iam refugit,
et propter nisus longos luget,
sed sperno dirum cruciatum,
infirmus sumo firmitatem,
et cum humana vis recedet
Deus-Homo mihi concedet.

natura languens cedit morti,
contundor Tua manu forti,
mersus resurgo, mox victurus
succumbo, fide surrecturus;
Te nexibus non liberabis,
naturam et nomen ni monstrabis;

concede mihi iam labenti,
orbato spe, sed confidenti,
da cordi copias abundantes,
ausculta gemitus precantis;
effare—Te non hinc movebis,
arcanum nomen ni docebis.

'Tis love ! 'tis love ! Thou diedst for me !
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure universal love Thou art !
To me, to all, Thy bowels move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

My prayer hath power with God : the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face,
I see Thee face to face, and live.
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art :
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend !
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end.
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in His wings ;
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings.
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;

est amor, amor ! Tu litasti
pro me, iam nomen susurrasti,
sol novo oritur splendore,
puro et universo amore
mergor, cum tota creatura ;
amor est nomen et natura.

iam preces meae praevalentes
dant vires animae recentes,
praesens Te video praesentem,
nec mors me rapuit tuentem,
haud frustra nitens lacrimavi,
arcanum nomen resignavi.

agnosco Te, Iesu salvator,
cui sons innititur peccator,
nec Te post noctem hinc movebis,
sed usque ad finem me fovebis,
et, venia nunquam defectura,
patebit nomen et natura.

Iustitiae sol se recludit,
et pennis sanitatem fudit !
dum vires corporis marcescent
in Te spes animae virescent,
lux est superne exortura,
amor est nomen, est natura.

contentus posthac claudicando
et vitae spatium metando,

All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from Thee to move ;
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey,
Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

—*Charles Wesley.*

expecto Iudicis adventum,
implorans opem et adiumentum,
nec fas est amplius errare,
natura et nomen est amare.

claudio pede praedam captabo,
Gehennam et mundum debellabo,
ut cervus saliens redibo,
et domum exsultans inibo
per saecula saeculorum probare,
natura et nomen est amare.

XXVI.

*'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over
one sinner that repenteth.'*

HARK, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

XXVI.

*'Gaudium est in caelo super
uno peccatore.'*

AUDI, anima, exaudi, haec carmina angelorum,
per virides campos, et maria agitata,
quae dulcia, quae vera, hi chori ministrorum,
de nova vita referunt maculis purgata.

Angeli Iesu,
Angeli lucis,
voce vocantes
nos nocte vagantes.

tendimus ultra ultro haec carmina auscultantes,
vos fessae animae ad Iesum enitentes,
audite, per tenebras, dulce resonantes
voces evangelii domum vos ducentes.
Angeli Iesu, etc.

procul o procul hinc, ut vespere campana,
vox Iesu penetrat per terras et per mare,
accedunt mille animae semita arcana,
et, bone Pastor, tentant tua ovilia intrare.
Angeli Iesu, etc.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

—Faint.

pax requiesque adsunt, finis et laborum,
exoriensque dies tenebras fugabit;
accipientur fidi in sede beatorum,
in Patriaque domo salvos nil turbabit.
Angeli Iesu, *etc.*

angeli cantate adhuc, semper vigilantes,
reddite et fragmenta caelestibus e choris,
donec laeta dies recreabit lacrimantes,
umbraeque noctis cedent radiis amoris.
Angeli Iesu, *etc.*

XXVII.

'Continue ye in My love.'

JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace;
 Jesu, my Lord! I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more!

Jesu! too late I Thee have sought;
 How can I love Thee as I ought,
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
 Jesu, my Lord, &c.

Jesu! what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
 So far exceeding hope or thought!
 Jesu, my Lord, &c.

Jesu! of Thee shall be my song,
 To Thee my heart and soul belong:
 All that I have or am is Thine,
 And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine;
 Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

—Collins.

XXVII.

‘ Munate in dilectione Mea.’

IESU, Deus, Salvator Unus,
effundé Tui amoris nectus,
exaudi a sede maiestatis
singultus meos, et precatus ;
Iesu, de corde Te adoro,
sit cor ananctius, imploro.

Iesu, Te pede tardo adivi,
profunda amoris meo quaesivi,
o utinam digne laudarem,
et nomen Tuum celebrarem ;
Iesu, etc.

Iesu, quid pulchri in me vidisti ;
cur dona amoris mi dedisti ?
quae gaudia a Te gustavi,
quae nec praevidi, nec speravi.
Iesu, etc.

Iesu, Te versu celebrabo,
Tibi cor animamque dabo.
Tu cruce me emisti, Deus,
et Tu, Salvator, Tu es meus !
Iesu, etc.

XXVIII.

'Come unto Me, all ye that are weary.'

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress?

'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
'Be at rest.'

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
'And His side.'

Is there crown of royal splendour,
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
'But of thorns.'

If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
'Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
'Jordan past.'

XXVIII.

' Venite ad Me omnes qui laboratis.'

ES tu fessus ? es tu lassus ?
doloribus gravaris ?
huc veni, fatur Unus, veni,
ut requie fruaris.

anne signa, duce digna,
si dux est, Ille tendit ?
imo, latus, cruentatus,
pedes, manus ostendit.

an corona, auri zona
hoc caput circumcingit ?
imo, frontem hanc insontem,
cruore spina tingit.

Hunc sectanti, Hunc prensanti,
quae mihi dabit mundus ?
sat laboris, sat doloris,
et fletus de profundis.

Hunc tenenti, et amplectenti,
qui finis est paratus ?
dolor fractus, labor actus,
Iordanis superatus.

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
'Pass away.'

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
'Prophets, Saints, Apostles, Martyrs
'Answer, Yes.'
—S. Stephen (Neale).

supplicanti, opemque oranti,
quae mihi denegabit ?
nil; divinum, post ruinam
naturae, Verbum stabit.

prosequentes, enitentes,
an caelo Hic beabit ?
Vatum, Sanctorum, Apostolorum
respondet vox, ' beabit.'

XXIX.

‘ Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him.’

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E’en though it be a cross
That raiseth me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone :
Yet in my dreams I’d be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

XXIX.

'Angeli Dei ascendentes et descendentes.'

O DEUS, ut siem
propinquior Tibi,
propinquior !
etsi crux me levet,
vox mea resonet,
et preces iteret;
da, Deus, ut siem
propinquior Tibi,
propinquior !

dum procul evagor,
atra nox si premat,
huic capiti torum
petra dum praebeat,
vana per somnia,
mala per omnia,
da, Deus, ut siem
propinquior Tibi,
propinquior !

hic mihi ianuae
caeli panduntur,
e terra in superos
scalae tenduntur,

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

—S. F. Adams.

angeli desuper
vigilant me super,
O Deus, ut Tibi
propinquior siem,
propinquior !

evigilans, Tuum
nomen laudabo,
duroque e dolore
Bethel sacrabo,
sic dolor me trahat,
sic dolor me levet,
O Deus ut siem
propinquior Tibi,
propinquior !

dum super aethera
vehar sublime,
sol, luna, sidera,
cadant in ima,
vox mea resonet,
et preces iteret,
da, Deus ut siem
propinquior Tibi,
propinquior !

FOLIA CADUCA.

XXX.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA.

LAUDATE DEUM, Deo sata,
laudate vos, Verbo creata,
et Creatore sustentata,
magnificate Dominum.

Archangeli vultus velantes,
et thronum Cherubim umbrantes,
et Seraphim concelebantes,
magnificate Dominum.

vos, Virgines immaculatae,
et Martyrum acies albatae,
ad Agni thronum congregatae,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate per aulas caelorum
coetus innumeri Sanctorum,
in sede salvi beatorum,
magnificate Dominum.

vos, Christi milites bellantes
illecebris vitae luctantes,
sed fide mundum superantes,
magnificate Dominum.

sol, lauda lucis Creatorem,
et luna noctis Regnatorem,
astrorum orbis innumerorum,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate, nubes fulminantes,
laudate, ignes coruscantes,
congressu rauco dimicantes,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate pluviae madentes,
laudate rores incanentes,
diffusae per terras arentes,
magnificate Dominum.

montes in nubila minantes,
et campi ubere abundantes,
et fluvii glebam rigantes,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate vos, silvae nutantes,
pinus cacumina agitantes,
et Regem caeli salutantes,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate, nives sempiternae,
laudate, grandines supernae,
et ignes candentes interne,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate, fluctus perfurentes,
et vos, procellae ingruentes,
sed coram Deo subsidentes,
magnificate Dominum.

vos pisces, cete, et balaenae,
magistri parentes habenae,
per tempestates, per serena,
magnificate Dominum.

vos, Hiems frigens, et Tempestas,
Autumnus, Ver, et torrens Æstas,
dum cursus completis caelestes,
magnificate Dominum.

vos flores, varii colore,
et dulci halantes odore,
gaudentes duplici honore,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate, aves iubilantes,
laeta dulcedine ovantes,
et cantu suavi modulantes,
magnificate Dominum.

laudate, omnes animantes,
diem salutis expectantes,
et spe prolata suspirantes,
magnificate Dominum.

H

vos omnes Dei creaturae,
immensa per regna naturae,
nunc spe libertatis futurae,
magnificate Dominum.

Waterville, 1880.

XXXI.

‘Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.’—Ps. xvi. 10.

‘NON derelinques hanc animam, Deus,
‘nec inferorum in carcere me sines
‘manere, nec corruptionem
‘sancta Tui suboles videbit.’

propheta tali carmine Te canit,
delicta mundi qui redimes cruce,
victor resurrecturus, ut nos
eripias ditione mortis.

paschale tempus nunc adit, et modo
diem dierum commemoravimus,
velum tabernaculi diremptum, et
voce Dei monumenta rupta.

exhalat ultro nunc animam Patri,
Auctorque vitae vivere desinit,
ut iustus iniustos piaculo
sanguinis Ipse Sui resolvat.

haec finis; et iam lintea comparant,
petraeque condunt membra recessibus,
dum milites circum locantur,
ne tumultum violent dolosi.

sed nec sigillum, nec lapis et vigil,
arta sepulcri Te camera prement,
victor resurges : me iuvabit
carmine Te celebrare tali :

‘nunquam relinques hanc animam, Deus,
‘nec claudi in Hadis carcere me sines,
‘sed corpus, e claustris sepulcri,
‘veste nova nitidum, resurget.’

Easter Even, 1882.

XXXII.

'He was known of them in breaking of bread.'

—Luke xxiv. 35.

[AM fragrat aether veris odoribus,
auraeque solvunt frigoris aspera, et
natura post longum soporem
evigilat, zephyrique voce

vocata surgit; gloria et arborum
mox plena campos lumine vestiet,
et corda nunc humana dulcis
spes reficit redeuntis anni;

talique Iesus tempore vinculum
mortis, triumphans, fregit inutile,
et Magdalenae se revelat;
dum lacrimans repetit sepulcrum

inane: mirum! nomine te vocans,
'Maria,' fatur, 'tangere non licet,
'sed vade festinans, meisque
'fratribus haec eadem reporta.'

quae fida constansque adstiterat cruci,
nunc prima testis, primaque nuntia,
accurrit, et Christi ministros
plena Deo propiore firmat.

ecce autem euntes discipuli duo
tectum petebant urbe remotius,
et mortuum plorant magistrum
spesque suas memorant inanes.

‘quo, quo dolentes vaditis, et simul
‘tristes querellas editis invicem,’
sic fatur, atque ignotus Ipse
adveniens, comitatur ultro.

sermone blando tristitiam levat,
et, spe novata corda resuscitans,
Moysis arcana et prophetas
explicat, ancipitesque firmat.

cor ardet illis, talia dum refert,
unaque amaenum sic peragunt iter,
mox vicus Emmai videtur,
occiduoque die rubescit.

‘ne nos relinquo, advena, iam dies
‘exacta cedit, iam tenebrae ruunt,
‘morare:’ sic gressus euntis
hospitio cohibent amoeno.

ignotus intrans assidet hospes, et
caenam paratam dum prece consecrat,
et dividit fragmenta panis,
agnitus, ex oculis recessit.

perculsi adorant Te Dominum, et Deum,
laetique in urbem protinus advolant,
et congregatis mira narrant,
mira Dei manifesta vivi.

O Christe, nobis unice Dux viae,
mensas sacratum desuper adveni,
et fractio panis revelet
Teque, Tuamque crucem, petenti.

Easter Day, 1882.

XXXIII.

IN OBITUM
EDOVARDI PEELE.

VOX nobis dilecta silet, nec lingua perita
 carmine caelesti templa sacrata replet,
morte manus friget, quae, praestans arte medendi,
 leniit aegrotos mitis, opemque tulit.
pauperis ad lectum, febri correptus iniqua,
 dum relevas alios, heu ! miser ipse cadis.
hinc abes : en sedem viduatam cernimus unam,
 et sine te languent carmina nostra, comes !
at divina sonat vox illa per atria caeli,
 credimus, angelicis consociata choris,
te, vocemque tuam paulisper morte diremptam,
 transtulit in propriam, vita novata, domum.

*St. Patrick's,
Sexagesima Sunday, 1881.*

XXXIII.

TRANSLATION.

THAT voice is hushed, the tuneful tongue is still,
Whose music oft thrilled through this hallowed
fane,
That hand now cold, whose touch, with healing
skill,
Was prompt to soothe the sufferer's bed of pain.
Mid squalid homes, Death claimed thee for his prey,
Helping the helpless, thou thy life hast given ;
One place is vacant in our midst to-day ;
Our voices falter, thine is heard in Heaven.
Yes, we believe, Physician, Minstrel, Friend,
Those tones are heard amid th' angelic throng,
That voice and form, remembered to the end,
Too soon departed, live in praise and song,
And strains, which here below our souls have riven,
Now swell the glorious symphonies of Heaven.

XXXIV.

CALPE.

SUB rupe celsa, quam tegit Angliae
aegis superba, et qua medium mare
secernit Europa ab Afro,
vidimus ut calidas per undas
immittat aestus aequor Atlanticum, et
nunquam retrorsum cedat, at ignei
refrigeret solis calores,
temperet et nimium furorem
torrentis Euri : sic utinam mea
mens lassa vires sumat ab aethere, et
defossa terreno labore
oceanî recreetur aura.
natale longe dissidet hinc solum,
sed clara monstrant Herculei sinns
Britanniae Magnae tropaea,
et veteris monumenta famae
intacta restant : nec procul hinc tua,
Nelsone, virtus cedere nescia
Gallos et Hispanos fugavit,
victor at occubuisti in ipsa
hora triumphî : me tenui iuvat
praeclara versu dicere, nec sinum
Vincentii Sacri silebo, et
ostia sanguinolenta Nili.

sed quo refugit gloria pristina
late per orbis litora cognita?
 antiqua virtus non recessit,
 consiliis ruimus timoris.
his acta, demens, oppida Ionica
portusque inepte dedidit Anglia,
 Phaeaciae sedes beatas,
 regnaque Telemachi reliquit.
exemplar istud respiciens, cave,
ne parva dextra proicias tua,
 tuisque serva, aegis, per orbem
 imperium pelagi Britannis.

Gibraltar, Sept. 1881.

XXXV.

ATHENAE.

ARX alta, salve, Cecropidum domus
antiqua, findens aethera lucidum ;
tantae ruinae tu superstes,
Palladis acropolis, minaris
in caelum, ut olim maxima sustinens
delubra vivo marmore candida,
quae barbarum vastavit agmen,
ausus et exspoliare noster
legatus : oro, hoc dedecus abluere,
praedamque Athenis, Anglia, reddito,
ut Parthenon tandem novetur,
gaudeat et proprio nitore.
ploramus, eheu, moenia diruta,
exusta tellus languet, et hosticum
incendium colles apricos
arboribus viduavit almis.
quo nunc Colonos, quove Academia
umbrosa cessit, vivaque flumina,
Cephisiae en siccantur orae, et
fontibus arva tuis rigata,
Ilisse, quondam : sic, Sophocles, tuo
dignata versu gloria decedit,
dumeta et arentes olivae
deseruit Philomela lucos.

sed Musa, cantus desine lugubres,
en rursus urbis gloria pristina,
 Georgio regnante, floret,
 et genus acre virum resurgit.
assume regnum, Graecia, debitum
et regna Pyrrhi iam tibi reddita,
 non amplius campos Achillis
 opprimat imperium nefandum.
tuque, Vrbs, avitae conscia gloriae,
gentes memento vincere, ut antea,
 virtute navali, decorisque
 artibus, ingenioque culto.

Athens, October 1881.

XXXVI.

IN NOVAM SEDEM CARTHUSIANAM.

TRANSLATA, noto quo steterat solo,
pinus, per annos ardua plurimos,
heu ! sæpius languescit aegra, et
fronde nova viridique honore
nudata marcet : sors tibi contigit
diversa longe, et vita tenacior,
Carthusiana antiqua mater,
transposita in regionis almae
auram serenam ; lactior occupa
clivos apertos, et iuga frondea,
raucumque Londini tumultum
ne doleas, strepitumve demens
urbis reposcas—nobilior tibi
sedes parata est, sic soror eminet,
quam Glaucias, vates Britannus,
carminibus cecinit latinis.
hic et sacrati relligio loci
restat, iuventam Pax docilem regit,
et, pura caeli dum tuentur,
purior aura animas serenat.
tuque, O Magister, praesidium et decus,
serves periclis hoc pecus inclytum,
et corda formans haec tenella
scepra manu teneas benigna.

nec grata desit coniugis optumae
tutela, mores et iuvenum leves
 mollire ludos, et dolorem
 prompta ministerio levare ;
salve, Alma Mater, progenies tua
late per orbem consita floreat,
 et, sede gaudens hac, virescat
 Carthusiana domus per aevum.

TRANSLATIONS.

XXXVII.

SIR GEORGE COLLEY AND THE BOER WAR.

IN MEMORIAM, G. P. C.

GENTLE and brave, well skilled in that dread lore
Which mightiest nations dare not to unlearn ;
Fair lot for thee had leapt from Fortune's urn ;
Just guerdon of long toil ; and more and more
We counted for her favourite was in store ;
Not failing in fond fancy to descry
Victorious wreath and crowns of victory
Which in our thought thy brows already wore,
But He who portions out our good and ill
Willed an austerer glory should be thine,
And nearer to the Cross than to the Crown ;
Then lay, ye mourners, there your burden down,
And hear calm voices from the inner shrine
Which whisper, Peace ; and say, Be still, be still.

R. C. D.

XXXVII.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

IMPIGER et mitis, diraeque peritior artis,
 artis, quam gentes audent dediscere nunquam ;
te Fortuna favens merito donarat honore,
et longi dederat tibi praemia digna laboris ;
nec spes crescentis famae tibi defuit ultra,
spes erat et nobis, ut te spectare liceret
laudibus insignem meritis, laetumque triumpho,
tempora dum viridi decorat victoria lauro.
ast Auctor, tribuens adversa secundaque nobis,
Ipse Deus, statuit prudens tibi fata severa ;
crux tibi dura manet, sed clara corona negatur ;
vos itaque aerumnas illic deponite maesti,
ex adytisque sacris voces audite susurro
leni spirantes pacem placidamque quietem.

XXXVIII.

ON READING THE SONNET BY "R. C. D.,"
ENTITLED "IN MEMORIAM, G. P. C."

YES! mourn the soul, of high and pure intent,
 Humane as valiant, in disastrous fight.
Laid low on far Majuba's bloody height!
Yet, not his death alone must we lament,
But more, such spirit on evil mission sent,
To back our broken faith with armed might;
And, the unanswered plea of wounded right
Struck dumb by warfare's brute arbitrament.
And while these deeds are done in England's name,
Religion, unregardful, keeps her cell;
The tuneful note that wails the dead, we hear;
Where are the sacred thunders that should swell
To shame such foul oppression, and proclaim
Eternal justice in the nation's ear?

J. K. I.

XXXVIII.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

VOS ergo lugete Ducem, quo iustior alter
nec pietate fuit, nec bello fortior unquam.
occidit ille miser, congressu peior iniquo,
ardua praecipitis Maiubae scandere tentans.
complorate virum, crudeli Marte peremptum,
sed magis, illam animam, cui sors evenit iniqua,
foedera pacta fide nostra perrumpere ferro,
iuris et infracti bello restinguere voces.
Anglia dum, segura procul, sinit ista nefanda,
immemor, heu ! pietas reticet seclusa sacellis ;
funebrem audimus cantum, questusque dolentis ;
cur vox sancta silet ? vox olim audita per orbem,
quae durum imperium, scelerataque debuit arma
eloquio culpae gravi, gentique Britannae
iustitiae aeternae mandata tonare per aures.

XXXIX.

SONNET.

HOW seldom, Friend ! the great good man inherits
Honour and wealth with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the world of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.
For shame, dear Friend ! renounce this canting strain ;
What wouldst thou have the great good man obtain ?
Wealth, title, salary, a gilded chain,
Or throne of corpses which his sword hath slain ?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends ;
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man ? three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath,
And three fast friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

—Coleridge.

XXXIX.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

VIR bonus et magnus quam raro acquirit, amice,
famam, divitiasque laboris praemia iusta.
fabula de caelo nobis illata videtur,
si, bene quod meruit, cuivis contingat in orbe,
sive quod obtinuit quivis meruisse probetur.
proh pudor ! indignas procul istas tolle querellas,
quanta bono magnoque viro contingere velles,
nummos, mercedem, titulos, collove monile,
aut solium gladio crebroque cadavere fultum ?
ipsa bonis virtus summum finisque laborum est ;
nonne tenet semper thesauros, semper amicos
vir bonus et magnus ? Tres illos, lumen, amorem,
et mentem placidam, infantum velut halitus aequus
flatur ; tres et habet fidos, tres semper amicos,
queis non ipse die noctisque est certior ordo,
sese ipsum, Auctorem vitae, Mortemque ministram.

XL.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limits to their sway,
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey ;
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious slave !
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ;
Nor thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please ;
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart has tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way,
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight !
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel, to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken, and its spirit soar.
No dread of death—if with us die our foes,
Save that it seems even duller than repose.

XL.

CARMEN PIRATAE.

CAERULEI vehimur pelagi super aequora laeta,
spes immensa pari nos libertate coronat,
flamina qua perflant, quacunque exaestuat unda,
aspicis imperium nostrum, nostrosque Penates ;
hic regnum est nostrum, regnum sine finibus ullis,
pro sceptro gerimus signum cui subditur orbis,
nobis sors vitae est, requie mutare labores,
perque vices omnes ipso gaudere tumultu.
explicit at quisquam ? non tu, miserande, profecto,
qui morbo langues inhians spumantibus undis,
nec tu, desidia vinclis luxuque gravatus,
quem somnus lassat, cui displicet ipsa voluptas ;
explicit aut aliquis ? qui nunquam pectore laeto
ipse cucurrit ovans immensa per aequora saltu,
sensem exultantem, rapide pulsantia corda,
dum maris ignoti vasta regione vagamur,
hostis et occursum, pugnamque amplectimur ipsam.
quae vitant timidi, nos haec ardemus adire,
quaeque alios terrent, nobis mera gaudia praebeant.
imbelles cedant, nobis sentire licebit
spes assurgentes, animam super aethera vectam,
dum spirant motus nimii per pectus anhelum—
nec mortem horremus, modo ne moriamur inulti,
languidior quamvis mors illa sopore videtur ;

Come when it will—we snatch the life of life.
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife,
Let him who crawls, enamour'd of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head—
Ours, the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed—
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang, one bound, escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave—
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead—
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory,
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted now !

—Byron, *Corsair*.

mors licet immineat, vitales carpimus auras,
quid refert an vi vel morbo occumbere detur ?
iste miser repens, macie confectus inerti,
adstrictusque toro, longos marcescat in annos,
atque aegre spirans nutet cervice trementi ;
caespitem nos viridi, non lecto sternimur aegro.
tardius aegroti singultim vita recedit,
nostra fugit saltu, seseque effundit in auras ;
ille quidem angusto tumulto se iacet et urna,
qui vivum oderunt, spargant nunc flore favillam,
ploramus lacrimis veris, cum corpora cara
accipit Oceanus, gremioque amplectitur ossa.
ipsa ferunt nobis etiam convivia luctum,
pocula dum memores haurimus pingua musto,
tum praedam ut tandem socios partimur in omnes,
laude brevi heroas colimus minitante periclo,
et memori luctu funduntur inania vota,
‘ O, fortes animae, crudeli morte peremptae,
‘ fas utinam vobis nostro gaudere triumpho ! ’

IACOBO ANTONIO LAWSON,
IUDICI INTEGERRIMO ET FORTISSIMO CARTHUSIANI
S. P. D.

*O QUI, peritus legis, originem
a lege ducis, nomina si valent,
et pergis illustrare gentis
laude nova titulos avitos,
amice Musis, nec Themidi minus,
en accipe istum, quem ferimus, librum,
neu parva contemnas, sed idem
dignus eras potiore dono.
at si quid inter carmina fudimus
incuriosi, quod placeat parum,
tu parce, neu frontem legenti
ruga trabat nimium severa.*

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN.

A.D. IV. Cal. Jun. MDCCCLXXXI.

IACOBO ANTONIO LAWSON.

IUDICI

ACCEPTO POEMATUM LIBELLO

GRATIAS AGIT

T. E. PAGE

Mense October 1880.

ERGO virentem non iterum insulam
visent Camaenae? non lyra Hiberniae
per rura, per montes sonabit,
quam proprium sibi terra signum
iactarat olim? scilicet unica
illam arte vates tangere callidus
tam dulcia inspirarat, ut non
Lesbos amabiliora cantet,
non Tibur. at nunc, heu! vice flebili
male ominatis feta tumultibus
discordia, et dirae sorores,
seditio rabiesque regnant.
nunc audiuntur murmura, nunc minae
insanientis plebis, et impio
clamore cessantes ad arma
lingua ferox agitatur nefanda.
Astraea pennas ipsa parat diu
cunctata, caecis quippe furoribus

*decedere indignatus, atqui
 non strepitum minus insolentem
 fert Diva : Divam prosequitur chorus
 Musarum, acerba non sine nenia,
 lugens inexpletum quod, eheu !
 sit patria fugiendum amata.
 at fallor, at me plus nimio anxium
 mens vana inani terret imagine,
 namque ipsa iucundissimum ultro
 Musa dat augurium querenti ;
 sic fata—mollem pone metum, tibi,
 en, vir sagaci consilio gravis,
 vir, saepe per fluctus labantem
 qui patriam stabilivit, auctor
 verique rectique : hic tamen, ut furor
 circum procellarum obstrepat improbus,
 scit, firmus immotusque iudex,
 impavida dare iura lingua.
 idem et relictis saepe laboribus
 Musas, levamen dulce, colit lyra,
 poeticam oblectans senectam
 carminibus, quibus ipsa sacram
 afflarat artem relligio—at modos
 audisne ? concors caelitus excipit
 concertus baud mortalis, omen
 concelebrans melioris aevi.*

NOTES.

K

NOTES.

Laud, page 1.—In this rhythmic proem, I have made use of a peculiar measure, not, so far as I am aware, to be found in any of the mediæval hymns, viz., lines of nine syllables, and at the close of each stanza a line of seven syllables.

The measure almost universally adopted in the monkish hymns, is the octosyllabic, so familiar to all readers of the 'Dies Irae' and 'Stabat Mater.' I must apologise for this innovation, and it may at first appear strange to the readers of mediæval hymns, but having tried it first in this laud, more by accident than design, I have followed it in most of the mediæval versions in this little collection.

In the rhythmic hymns quantity is disregarded: accent and rhythm determine the harmony of the verse, and, without being bound by any strict rule, the ear must be our guide.

The effect of introducing the additional syllable is, generally to throw the accent strongly upon the second syllable of the foot, thus—'*Laudā Patrēm fontēm bonōrum,*' while an octosyllabic line would be read, '*Laūda Pātrēm fontem,*' etc. Besides affording greater facility in translation by the aid of the additional syllable, it appears to me to yield a more varied cadence, and to be better adapted for

hymns of praise which require a lively measure, than the somewhat monotonous, though grand, movement of the octosyllabic line. This enneasyllabic measure seems to be peculiarly suited for Heber's grand hymn, 'The Son of God goes forth to war,' No. 23 in this collection.

The Rev. Charles Buchanan Pearson appears to me to be one of the best modern translators of English hymns into mediæval Latin, and his collection, published by Bell & Daldy in 1862, is a charming one. He has rendered Heber's Hymn into the octosyllabic measure, page 136.

No. 2, page 7.—This Alcaic version of Cowper's well-known hymn was my first attempt, and was composed under the circumstances mentioned in the note to No. 11.

No. 3, page 11.—A rendering of this hymn will be found in Pearson's collection, page 41. I add one which I copied from the 'Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette,' written by an Irish clergyman, the Rev. J. O'Carroll. It is indeed worth preserving:—

*'Mirandam quum contemplor crucem,
'regalis aram hostiae,
'quidni thesauros damnum putem,
'fastidiens superbiae?*

*'O! procul absit gloriari,
'nisi in cruce Domini,
'quodcunque olim vult amari
'immolo eius sanguini.*

*' fonte amoris, fonte doloris,
 ' cruorem mixtis lacrimis,
 ' perfundunt manus, sacrumque caput
 ' coronis cinctum spincis.*

*' pro tanto amore, tanto dolore,
 ' regnum terrarum erubeam
 ' Tibi donare: O Iesu care,
 ' accipias hanc animam.'*

No. 4, page 13.—This is beautifully rendered by Pearson into mediæval verse, page 67. Had I seen his collection before I attempted some of these hymns, I think I should never have ventured to try them.

No. 6, page 20.—The English text in these hymns has been mostly taken from the 'Irish Church Hymnal,' a collection revised by that sweet poet and hymnologist, Archbishop Trench, whose 'Sacred Latin Poetry' first introduced me to the study of the mediæval hymns; but it departs from the original, by altering the refrain from '*Gracious Son of Mary*' to '*Jesu, Son of David.*' In 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern,' the version given is, '*Jesu, Son of Mary.*' I have adhered to the original text of Milman.

My translation was written in Belfast, and was suggested by hearing a sermon from my friend Canon M'Ilwaine (the author of the '*Lyra Hibernica Sacra*'), in which he condemned this alteration in the 'Irish Church Hymnal.'

No. 10, page 36.—This hymn, '*Rock of Ages,*' has proved a stumbling-block to translators; and I

cannot say that I have succeeded. Mr. Gladstone's well-known version fails by reason of the omission of '*The Rock*.'

A very good mediæval rendering, by my friend, Rev. C. I. Black, will be found in 'Bigg's Hymns, 'Ancient and Modern,' page 187.

No. 11, page 38.—This beautiful version of '*Lead, kindly Light*,' composed by a valued friend, was sent to me by its author, then Vicar of Laracor, (Swift's parish), from his darkened room, when the failure of his sight was beginning, which has since obliged him to resign his clerical duties. To solace him, I wrote in answer the version of '*God moves in a mysterious way*,' to be found at page 7. This was the origin of these translations, which were all written since that time, and always read to him in the first instance, and, I may add, that I am indebted to his hereditary classical taste for many valuable suggestions.

No. 16, page 54.—This is one of the most exquisite of Mrs. Alexander's hymns, second only to her '*Burial of Moses*,' which I consider one of the finest sacred odes in our language. I am happy to know that the gifted authoress was good enough to say that this translation had caught the spirit of the original.

No. 18, page 59.—It may add some interest to this version, that it was written after a visit to Bethlehem, the most interesting spot in the Holy Land.

No. 19, page 63.—Like the last, this translation was written in the Holy Land, and completed after a service at the Episcopal Church at Jerusalem, where I was glad to find the 'Irish Church Hymnal' in use, introduced, no doubt, by the late lamented Bishop Barclay, an alumnus of Trinity College.

No. 20, page 67.—This translation was written in the Mediterranean on Hospital Sunday, 1881.

No. 21, page 71.—Composed in the Bay of Biscay, after a gale.

No. 25, page 86.—This sacred ode of Wesley, almost too sacred to be called a hymn, is not, I fear, as well known as it deserves to be. I know no other which so wonderfully describes the inward conflicts of the soul. It will be found in Roundell Palmer's 'Book of Praise,' page 365.

line 10—Isaiah, xlix. 16.

page 91, line 19—Malachi, iv. 2.

No. 30, page 111.—The beautiful lakes, mountains, and Atlantic coast of West Kerry drew forth this '*Benedicite*.'

No. 33, page 120.—Dr. Edward Peele, the subject of these verses, was a Vicar Choral of St. Patrick's, and possessed a voice of rare power and sweetness. He was a physician, much beloved by the poor amongst whom he laboured; and, having caught a fever while attending a case in the Cathedral close, was carried off in the prime of life, to the deep

regret of many friends. The Latin elegy was thought out in church during a choral service in his memory. I afterwards translated it into English, the words of which have been set to music by that eminent composer, my friend, Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.

No. 31, page 122.—*Calpa*.—This ode was written in the Mediterranean, and expresses my feelings at sailing past Gibraltar. It was finished after a visit to Corfu. I am glad that the feeling expressed in the last stanza has not died away in England, and that her prestige has been restored by the late brilliant campaign in Egypt, under an illustrious Irishman, Lord Wolseley.

No. 35, page 124.—*Athenae*.—I am conscious that this ode, written at Athens, does not do justice to the scenery, which I saw at the most unfavourable period of the year, Autumn, when the rivers were dried up and the fields parched. Nevertheless, after Rome, Athens is to me the most interesting city in the world, and Byron has not exaggerated the glory of its sunsets.

The ode was copied into an Athenian paper, the *ΑΙΩΝ*, with observations, and a rendering into Greek prose, which it may be interesting to preserve :—

Ἐν προηγουμένῳ φύλλῳ εσημειωσαμεν, ὅτι τὰς Ἀθήνας ἐπισκέψθῃ ὁ διακεκριμένος Ἀγγλος Δικαστὴς κ. J. A. Lawson, ἀνέκων εἰς τῶν Φιλελευθέρων τὴν μερίδα, τὴν ἤδη κρατοῦσαν ἐν Ἀγγλίᾳ.

Ἐσθους γινόμενος ἐκ τῆς ὕψεως τῶν Ἀθηνῶν καὶ ἐκ τοῦ πολιτισμοῦ, ὃν εὗρεν ἐν τῇ Ἑλλάδι, τῶν προσδοκιῶν αὐτοῦ ἀνώτερον, ἔγραψε λατινιστὶ Ὡδὴν, πλὴρη φιλελληνικοῦ φρονήματος καὶ ἀγάπης πρὸς τὴν Πατρίδα ἡμῶν. Εὐμενῶς ἀνακοινοθείσης ἡμῖν τῆς Ὡδῆς ταύτης. καταχωρίζομεν τὸ κείμενον αὐτῆς καὶ μεταφρασιν, προχείρως φιλοπονηθεῖσαν παρὰ κατόχου τῆς λατινικῆς γλώσσης. Τὰ κείμενα ταῦτα ἔχουσιν, ὡς ἔπεται :

[Μετάφρασις.]

“Ἄκρα ὕψηλή, χαίρε, Κεκροπιδῶν οἶκε παλαιέ, σχίζουσα τὸν φωτεινὸν αἰθέρα. Ἐρείπια μὲν τὰ πέριξ, ἀλλ’ αἰεὶ τῆς Παλλάδος ἡ ἀκρόπολις ὑψοῦσαι ἀκίνητος εἰς τὸν οὐρανόν, μέγιστα, ἀνέχουσα ἱερὰ Θεῶν, μαρμάρῳ λάμποντα, ἃ βάρβαρος ἠρήμωσε στρατιὰ καὶ αἰσχροῦς ἐσύλησεξένος. Ἄρον τὸ ἀνόσιον τοῦτο αἰσχος, Ἀγγλία, καὶ τὴν λείαν, παρακαλῶ, ἀπόδος ἀκέραιον. Ἦδη ποτὲ ἀνανεωθήτω τῆς Ἀθηνῶς ὁ ναὸς καὶ χειρέτω τῇ οἰκίᾳ λάμπει. Θρηνοῦμεν, φεῦ, τείχη κατεσκαμμένα, ἑμαρένθη, ἡ χλόη τῶν ἐγρῶν καὶ ἐμπρησμός πολέμιος τοὺς λόφους τοὺς εὐηλίους ἐχέρωσε τῶν ἀγλαῶν δένδρων. Ποῦ νῦν ὁ Κολωνός; ποῦ δὲ ἡ σκιερὰ Ἀκαδημία ωχετο, ἡ πηγὴ τῆς σοφίας; Διὶ κηφίσται ὄχθαι ξηραὶ εἰσιν, καὶ αἱ ἀρουραι νῦν διψῶσιν ἐγκαταλελειμμέναι, αἱ ποτὲ τερπναί. Οὕτω, Σοφόκλεις, ἡ θρυληθεῖσα τῷ σφ’ στίχῳ δόξα φθίνει, τοὺς θαμνῶνας δὲ καὶ τὰ αὐχμηρὰ τῆς ἐλαίας ἄλση κατέλιπεν ἡ Φιλομήλα. Ἀλλά, Μοῦσα, παῦε πένθημα ξσματα· βλέπεις, πῶς ἡ δόξα ἡ ἀρχαία τῆς πόλεως, βασιλεύοντος τοῦ Γεωργίου, ἀνθεῖ καὶ γένος δριμύν ἀνδρῶν ἀνίσταται. Δάδε τὸ σπῆπτρον, Ἑλλάς, τὸ ὀφειλόμενόν σοι, καὶ τὰ τῆς Φθίας βασιλῆα τὰ ἤδη σα γινόμενα ὑπεράσπιζε, μηδὲ δεσποζέτω ἐπὶ πλέον τῶν τοῦ Ἀχιλλέως πεδιάδων ἀρχὴ ἀπαίσιοις, καὶ μὴ καταφρόνει σὺ τὰ τῆς εἰρήνης δῶρα, ἔχε δ’ εἰς τὸν νοῦν σου νὰ νικᾷς τὰ ἔθνη, ὡς πάλαι, τῇ ναυτικῇ ἀρετῇ καὶ ταῖς τεχναῖς τῆς χειρὸς καὶ τῇ καλλιερῆ τοῦ νοῦ.”

No. 37, page 130.—The untimely death of the gallant Sir G. Colley on the heights of Majuba called forth from Archbishop Trench the first of these son-

nets. It was immediately answered by my accomplished friend, John Kells Ingram, F.T.C.D., in the second sonnet, which appeared in 'The Academy.'

No. 39, page 134.—I have always considered this one of Coleridge's finest sonnets. The splendid line, '*Greatness and goodness are not means but ends,*' defies translation.

I submitted my version, such as it is, to my friend, Lord Coleridge, himself a distinguished classic, and he did not condemn it.

No. 36, page 126, and Lines to Author, page 141.—These odes owe their existence to a visit which I paid last year to the new site of the Charterhouse at Godalming, on the beautiful Surrey hills.

Dr. Haig Brown, the head master, presented to me a copy of the '*Sertum Carthusianum*,' with the lines, page 141.

I responded by sending him No. 36, which records the impression produced by that visit. Those familiar with Gray's beautiful Alcaic Ode on the Charterhouse at Grenoble will perceive that I have borrowed ideas from that great lyricist; and the historical associations connected with the ancient Godalming justify a reference to the '*religio loci*.'

The charming letters which passed between Gray and West (Glaucias and Favonius) contain some fine Latin poetry.

Lines to the Author, page 142.—This ode was sent to me by my friend, T. E. Page, upon re-

ceiving a copy of my original 'Hymni Usitati.' I might hesitate about printing the lines; but flattery is said to be admissible in such compositions, and perhaps recent events in this country may give additional point to some of the stanzas.

The '*vates callidus*' in line 6 is Thomas Moore.

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